



40+

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It's raining outside and I'm lonely. So I've called my booty boy to come over for a tryst. I'm dressing up in my sexy corset and stockings because he likes to fuck me in them. I think today he wants to ravage my tight ass.















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HOSE ME

MY LIFE, MY WAY



If you told me years ago that I'd be writing to a magazine, of any kind. I'd tell you I wasn't interested. Then if you told me that I'd me writing about myself, I'd say, that's not like me. And, if you said that I'd be writing about sex, I'd say never. Never in a million years. Well, times have changed and so have I. I believe I have found myself and enough self-confidence to do what I said I would never do.

I have to admit that I like stockings on women. I especially like them when they're getting fucked in hosiery. It takes a certain type that can wear them well, and even more so if a garter is included. Then add some spikey five-inch heels and I'll probably cream my pants before I even get near her. Do all of us guys

a favor, let's have

more stockings.

So it goes like this... While I'm kinda tall for my age, I've been blessed with really nice, long legs. I like wearing short skirts that will allow me to teasingly extend my legs. I also love to wear stockings, and all sorts of hot lingerie. Even more than stockings, I love the look and feel of the tight elastic of garter belts. My name is Shayla and this little trait of mine led me to posing for the camera when I was just nineteen; and it slowly became my libido's drive. Oddly enough this little pastime turned into my profession.

The feeling of the garters against my thighs, stretching the tops of my stockings up to them to fasten them securely on my legs – with their tricky hard little snaps and rings just make me melt. All of the subtle creases and shade gradations seem so much like the folds and

colorations of pussy. To touch there softness and feel the folds is one step from climax.

By covering up my feet and thighs with stockings or with thigh-highs, make my exposed flesh feel quite bare by comparison! Just a short way up, my pussy is exposed and framed by the garter belt. My personal approach to photographic erotica has much to offer the stockings lover than most.

I understand the erotic feeling of sliding stockings over my legs and teasing my lover into submission with them. I try to capture the tactile qualities of the stockings I wear in my photos. I like to think about a guy thrusting his big cock into my moist, sweet pussy as I rub my silky stockings over him! I like how the wrinkles show the garments delicate stitches because they remind me of genitals.

I've had thousands of photos taken through the years but I just had to share this image of my sexy, long legs in a new pair of stockings for my nylon obsessed friends! I had bought these stockings to pose in for a fetish website, but of course I wasn't been able to resist wearing them after the shoot. I really like the back seams of stockings and love wrinkling up my feet and feeling how the nylon rubs against my soles. This pair feels so amazing. I probably will wear them all day and night. I hate to take them off.

When my agent calls and tells me I'm booked for a shoot, I never ask who is



the client or who will be the photographer. The thrill of the unknown is so exciting. On my way to the photo studio, I took off my panties and smoothed out my stockings. I brought my antique lingerie as they asked, and of course, my red shoes. I thought about what the next eight hours would hold. Perhaps I'll seduce the photographer and let him fuck me while I wear the client's product.

Perhaps I'll fuck the client and let the photographer shoot us doing it. But this would have to happen after the shoot. While I'm on set, I'm the consummate professional. Whatever the photographer or client asks of me, I'll do it. I'm getting paid to do it. They are expecting good things from me and I do not disappoint.

As I pull into the parking lot and exit my car, I flash the valet guy and his jaw drops. I slide my finger under his chin as I walk to the studio door and look back to find him staring at me. A quick wink and I'm inside. After a long hour in the makeup chair, I'm finally ready. The client comes in and tells me he runs a successful long distance trucking company and wants to shoot a calendar that will keep his drivers motivated.

We go over the dozen or so poses; each one seeming a bit more risqué than the last. The photographer then calls me on set and I go – giving the client a little kiss on the cheek on the way out. The set is right out of The Maltese Falcon. Sam Spade's phone and typewriter sitting on this old office desk. Wood paneling and a plush burgundy



leather chair finish the set. We start with a tan trench coat that quickly comes off to reveal my beige lingerie, nude stockings and red shoes.

I drop the coat on the chair and strike several poses while the strobes flash. After about an hour my bra top comes off and in another hour my panties come off. I'm posing on the desk, on my back on my knees, sitting, standing. Anyway pose they want of me. Each time I'm sure to keep my legs long and toes pointed. Then the hard part comes. They want me to remove my stockings. Believe it or not – I hesitate. The client did not mention that in the makeup room.

Without my stockings I really feel naked. I feel exposed. My pussy, just as naked before my stockings came off, wants to be covered. My cute little ass is just hanging out there. I pretend to be tired and take a fifteen minute break to compose myself. Like a trooper, I go back on set and in another hour we are finished and I've given them just what they want.

I'm now in the dressing room packing up my things when the photographer comes in. He tells me he sensed my un-

Dear Editors:

Help me out here. A couple years ago there were a ton of men's magazines with legs and/or stockings as their focus. Some were fetish and some more just about legs. I can't seem to find a one now. Oh, yeah, there are videos all over the internet but they are videos. I want to have a magazine that I can hold in my one hand. I want to stare at pictures of legs and hose. I want to linger over toes and shoes that I can't do in a video. Can you help me out?

- William P., NYC

comfortableness but couldn't figure out why. I was just as exposed with the stockings on or off, wasn't I?

I told him it was not about my pussy, but rather my legs. He smiled knowingly and we had a quiet laugh. He asks if I had put the stockings back on and I showed him that I had. But I had not put my panties back on. He points that out

and gently brushes my pubes as he does. I look at him and smile saying I usually don't wear them home. I masturbate in the car driving home because the shoots always get me hot. I look at him and take his hand and place it on my mound. I'm hot for him but try not to be too obvious. He obliges by gently rubbing my clit and I respond with soft moans.

I pull my body closer to his hand and press it into me. He inserts his finger into my pussy, but I tell him no, I only want him to rub me. I feel it pull out, very wet and still probing. He begins to swirl his long finger harder around my clit and I'm getting wetter and wetter. I pull his huge cock out of his jeans and slip it between my stockinged legs. I squeeze it, preparing him for something he probably has never felt before. The feel of the nylon surprises him but I reassure him it will feel so good on his cock.

There's a smooth roughness to the fabric and it rubs him with just enough tactil-



ness so it feels good. We're standing there in the dressing room with his hand rubbing on my wet clit and his cock between my long legs. I push gently against his balls and let them feel the fabric. I circle them with my toes before pushing one deeper between his legs. The heat between us rises as we rub each other until he breaks away and kneels down to lick me. I push him away and, still kneeling, goes back to using his fingers. He slowly moves his face in and begins to lick me again.

This time I let him, pulling his head deeper into my pussy so his tongue can reach every fold and bulge. He keeps at it, fingers then tongue, then fingers, then tongue. My body shudders as I climax with one of my long legs wrapped around his neck and back, my stockings still perfect. I get myself together quickly, thank him and rush out the door as he shouts back - "What about me!!!" I laugh and can't wait to masturbate again in the car.

- Shayla, now in Los Angeles

I LIKE FEETS

Feet are my fetish.

I worship stockings and the feet and the legs that go in the.

I'm especially drawn towards fishnet hose and red is my favorite color. It's color of love, lust and sex.

Do you have a photo to run just for me?

- Jan, Chicago

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Good morning Lezly. It's so nice to see you again. Thank you for taking the time to speak with us. I know you only have a short half-hour before your shoot begins. We all know your credentials, but would you talk to us a moment about being an ex? You've been divorced for a year and a half now and we're wondering what life is like after the divorce.

Do guys get nervous around you or do you get nervous around them when they discover what you do for a living?

I can handle it but some guys can't. Those I don't see them again.

What kind of guys are you now getting involved with?

Guys who are respectful can get a long way with me. No talking down to me or bashing my business allowed. I find the more mature men come with a little age on them, and that's a good thing.

Is there a certain look you like?

I don't want to say that I like only one type of guy. It really depends on the individual. The same with the girls I go out with. Their physique is important because I like to stay toned and if they are buffed too, all the better.

What kind of things can guys say to get your attention?

Many say they can change me and then they go out and buy me things because of my lifestyle. I don't need that or them. There's nothing that a man can give me that I can't get for myself.

In your opinion what's the sexiest part of the man?

You mean besides the obvious. Well, I like a man's hands. If he has nice hands that's really a huge plus. They are what's touching you, going into my mouth and pussy. Well manicured hands are just what's expected if I'm going out or sexing you.

You've been turned on so much, is there anything that still does it?

I like to be touched on my shoulders. They are one of my erogenous

zones, and of course, down there if it's done right. If a guy can do those things right, he can definitely stay for the night. I like to be teased and explored before a guy can experience all of me.

You have sex a lot, but do you still think about it after hours?

I think about having sex all the time. That's one reason I'm in this business. Sex for the camera is much different than sex for real. There is too much starting and stopping during a shoot. The director controls the pace and the acts. When in private, there should be a smooth flow to lovemaking with no one in control. It's sharing.

Do you like it gentle or a little rough?

Personally, I like it gentle. On set, I'm asked to let the guy rough me up, but I only allow a little. No choking or forced gagging. Ugh!

Are you controlling in bed?

Not really. I like the feminine role. It lets a man be a man and I'm his woman. I like it when a man puts me in the position he wants me in. Sometimes I like to feel like I'm being taken.

You've probably done it all, sexually. Is there something you haven't done that you want to, personally or professionally?

Wow. I guess I'd like to do it in outer space. Maybe Sir Richard Branson will let me go on one of his upcoming flights? Hint. Hint.

What is your favorite position?

Probably on my knees. Doggy, but with my head down on my arms and my butt in the air. Men tend to be more enthusiastic about that position. When they're back there, they let themselves get a little wilder and I can just be there to enjoy it!

Thanks, Lezly. We're done. I told you it would be a short interview. I want to thank you for your time and for letting me stay to watch your photo shoot. If you need any help, just let me know.

That's one of the perks of this job.



STOP STARING

And go get your checkbook! I have six cats, a mortgage, car payments, credit card debt, and a mother that likes to play bingo every Thursday, so I have to pose naked in this magazine just so you can get your rocks off looking at my perky, delicious boobs.

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I have a new man but old habits are hard to break. Before I devote myself to him, I still want to have another fling or two. Talon and I go way back and he's a hard cock to give up. Today I want cameras here since this may be our last fuck.













My name might be Tuesday, but I'll fuck any day of the week. This week it my favorite big, fat cock. And I do mean fat. Ron's cock must be as wide as my forearm. He's not that long, but his thickness is legendary. It makes my mouth hurt and stretches my pussy.









"Each of you have been telling me how much you'd like to get with the other. Well, I'm tired of hearing it so this is your chance to do something about it!"

behaving badly

any years ago there was a television sitcom with a guy named Jack who lived with two girls. Of course, being on national television, it was strictly platonic and often times pretty silly. This story is not that. Well, not exactly that. There is a guy named Cole; a girl roommate named Kaylene; her best friend Candise; and a lot of sexual tension. They live just off campus in a trendy neighborhood with a lot of millenials walking their dogs, jogging, and just being physically fit.

It's about two in the afternoon and Kaylene returned to the classroom to find Candise and tell her some good news. Was Candise really hearing what was said? That night Candise came over to the house. Kaylene explained that she had a little surprise for Candise. Candise was relieved and kind of amused which made Kaylene a lot more comfortable as she thought Candise might be angry. Candise half joked as the idea of her friend's

surprise and all its possibilities flooded her mind. Kaylene kept silent about it. Right on cue she heard her roommate come through the front door and head upstairs. There was a knock at the door. "What's up ladies?" Cole said with a grin, poking his head around the corner of the door.

Kaylene motioned him into the room with her finger and patted the bed for him to sit down. She knew that Cole and Candise had eyes for each

other and she was going to be a cupid and hasten their relationship. Cole sat between them and Candise moved a bit further away. Kaylene used it as a cue for the introduction of her surprise into the scene. "Each of you have been telling me how much you'd like to get with the other. Well, I'm tired of hearing it so this is your chance to do something about it!" said Kaylene as she stood up and waved her hands over them wiggling her fingers in seductive encouragement.

The two soon-to-be lovebirds looked at each other and back at Kaylene. She walked around and past them to sit on a chair next to he door. Soon, Kaylene had

become invisible to them and sat watching two of her favorite people dance to her magical tune. She was just helping them get their act together. Cole leaned down and kissed Candise gently on the lips and then looking into her eyes reached down to grab the bottom of her shirt. Candise raised her arms and Cole finished pulling it off. Topless now, he kissed her again, harder this time pulling her to himself and running his hands over her firm



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Kaylene sat quietly and watched as the two made love to each other right there in front of her. Candise ran her tongue along the underside of Cole's shaft and licked and sucked his balls...

full breasts still inside her bra. He reached behind and unhooked it letting it fall to the ground with no protest from Candise. Her beautiful boobs released from the bra with her pink nipples already hardening. Staring at her, Cole leaned down and sucked on one boob and then the other nipple while he massaged her breasts in his hands.

Candise removed her shoes and jeans, the whole time watching Cole take off his shirt, kick his shoes off, and remove his pants and underwear. His eyes scanned up and down Candise's young body as if trying to decide which part was most delectable. Candise's eyes remained locked on his eight inch cock as it beckoned for her touch. She dropped to her knees and placing a hand on his hips, leaned in and kissed the bulbous tip of his swollen cock. Then she curled her tongue around under the tip and licked the precum out of his slit and rolled it around in her mouth. She lowered her mouth down around his cock and started bobbing back and forward.

Kaylene sat quietly and watched as the two made love to each other right there in front of her. Candise ran her tongue along the underside of Cole's shaft and licked and sucked his balls playfully before slithering her way back up to the head and gulping down on his cock. Candise moved her head faster and faster and then Cole grunted very loudly as he blew his load all over her pretty boobs and stomach. She sucked the cum from his engorged cock and swallowed it in delight as she rubbed the rest of his cum into her chest.

Cole pulled her up from her knees and kissed her tasting his own cum and then guided her back toward the bed. She lay on her back and slid across the bed giving him room to climb between her legs. He leaned over her kissing and sucking her nipples and nibbling on her neck and face before gliding



down her stomach to the tiny tuft of hair above her pussy. Candise gasped as Cole licked her swollen clit and then screamed and exploded in orgasm as he closed his lips tightly around it and sucked. He eagerly lapped up as much of her juice as he could and continued to nibble her clit.

Over in the corner, Kaylene slipped a hand into her panties and rubbed. Candise pulled her knees up and pushed her pussy into Cole's face as he began to fuck her with his tongue. He sucked large mouthfuls of her pussy lips into his mouth and worked his tongue from side to side. Candise's face contorted as Cole held her right on the edge of orgasm skillfully without tipping her over. She begged him to make her cum and in one quick motion he sucked her clit into his mouth, flicking it with the tip of his tongue, and at the same time he thrust two fingers up inside her. She threw a pillow over her face and screamed into it and bucked her hips as she rode out a powerful orgasm.

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Cole begins slamming into Candise now and she reaches down to furiously rub her pussy. There she finds Kaylene's hands on Cole's shaft and pulls them over to her clit.



Cole dragged her to the edge of the bed flinging her legs up over his shoulders and lined up his cock head up with her slit. He slowly entered her and very pushed his cock most of the way in. He began thrusting in and out of her as she bit her hand. Cole stayed focused on what he was doing and leaned over her letting her legs fall and wrap around him as she writhed on the bed in time to his thrusts. Cole leans down as he's thrusting and sucks on her nipples. His hands under her butt pulling her hips up so he can drive into her harder.

As Kaylene watched, she slipped two fingers in and out of her soaking wet hole and was about to climax herself. Cole watched Candise's boobs bouncing as they fucked so he bent down to suck on them once again. Cole being keen to make her cum once again started pounding her pussy harder and harder. He did not wait for her to recover before turning her over and pulling her up on all fours and then sinking his cock hard into her pussy again. He held onto her hips and stared slamming into her relentlessly. His balls slapping hard against her. She gasped little noises as he fucked harder and harder into the bed. Unable to control herself any longer, Kaylene gets out her chair and goes over to the sex. She reaches out with both hands and cups Candise's boobs in her hands. She lets go after a minute and reached down to grab Cole's balls. She swirls them in her hands and pinches him hard at the base of his shaft.

Cole begins slamming into Candise now and she reaches down to furiously rub her pussy. There she finds Kaylene's hands on Cole's shaft and pulls them over to her clit. Kaylene rubs furiously as Candise bucks under Cole. Cole pulls his cock out of her swollen pussy and screamed as he came letting huge load splatter all over Candise's chest. Candise lay exhausted on the bed as Kaylene laid down beside her. Kaylene rubs her hand on the goo and slides it down between Candise's legs. Her slick fingers slide easily over Candiswe's clit and she begins to rub it. Moments later, Candise climaxed once again and her spent body slumped down deep into the mattress.

Kaylene rises up and crawls over to Cole. She straddles his face and pulls her pussy lips open. She lowers herself until her clit is on top of his mouth. Cole begins to lick and suck until Kaylene cums. The three lay together in the warmth of their afterglow and there they stay until morning.

Cole gets up first and heads off to the kitchen. Moments later the smell of coffee permeates the house. Kaylene leans over and kisses Candise on the cheek. "Cum on baby, Cole's made breakfast."

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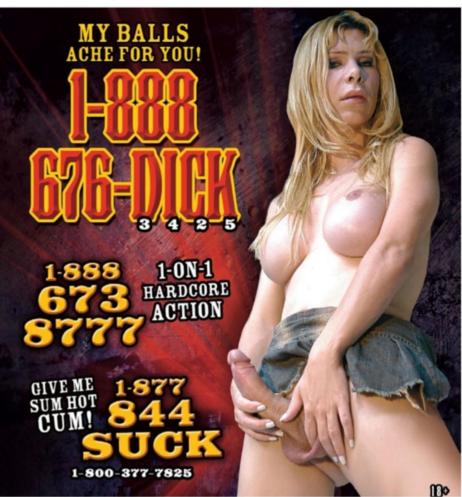
It's only been recently that I've become sexually adventurous. Seems like since my husband and I split, I've gotten hornier and hornier. And I must say, I like seeing, feeling, sucking, and getting fucked by new cocks all the time. It makes me feel sexy.

























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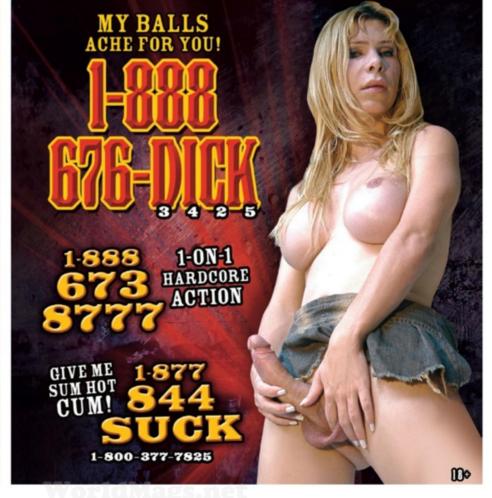












































































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